As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree,
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.
King. What, did these rent lines shew some loue of thine?
Ber. Did they quoth you? Who sees the heauenly *Rosaline*,
That (like a rude and sauage man of *Inde.*)
At the first opening of the Gorgeous East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptorie Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Maiestie?
Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Mistresse) is a gracious Moone,
She (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light,
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*,
O, but for my Loue day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd soueraignety,
Doe meet as at a Faire in her faire cheeke,
Where seuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the florish of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rhetoricke, O she needs it not,
To things of Sale a sellers praise belongs:
She passes praise, then praise too short doth blot,
A withered Hermite, fiuescore winters worne,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O'tis the Sunne, that maketh all things shine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oath? Where is a Booke?
That I may sweare beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full so blacke.

Kin. O Paradoxe, Blacke is the
The hue of dungeons, and the Sch
And beauties crest becomes the hea
Ber. Deuils soonest tempt resem
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be
It mournes, that painting vsurping
Should rauish doters with a false aspe
And therefore is she borne to make b
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the
For natiue bloud is counted paintin
And therefore red, that would auoy
Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her b
Dum. To looke like her are Chi
Lon. And since her time, are Col
King. And *Æthiops* of their swe
Dum. Dark needs no Candles n
Ber. Your Mistresses dare neuer
For feare her colours should be wash
Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for
Ile finde a fairer face not washt to day
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke t
Kin. No Diuell will fright thee t
Duma. I neuer knew man hold
Lon. Looke heer's thy Loue, my
Ber. O if the streetes were paued
Her feet were much too dainty for
Duma. O vile, then as she goes w
The street should see as she walk'd ou
Kin. But what of this are we no
Ber. O nothing so sure, and ther
Kin. Then leaue this chat, and g
Our louing, lawfull, and our faith no
Dum. I marry there, some flatter
Long. O some authority how to
Some tricks, some quillets, how to c
Dum. Some salue for periurie.
Ber. O 'tis more then needs.
Haue at you then affections men at a
Consider what you first did sweare v

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